RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

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UNCLE SAM, GOD WANTS **YOU**

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The Word Abused . . .

WHO IS THE FALSE TEACHER?

False prophets also arose among the people, just as there will be false teachers among you. — 2 Pet. 2:1

I may shock some of my more staid readers with the thesis I now set forth as to the identity of a false teacher. I do not believe, as I was always taught in the sect in which I grew up, that "denominational preachers" are necessarily false teachers, which is the view still urged upon us by many within Christian Churches-Churches of Christ. I have long since discarded the notion that "our" men are the true teachers while "their" men are the false teachers. If you still hold to this view, I will love you just the same. I only ask that you hear me out before writing *me* off as a false teacher.

On the very face of it, it is a cruel doctrine that makes false teachers of the likes of Adam Clarke and Albert Barnes, to mention two old-line commentators long esteemed by our people. Clarke labored upwards of a lifetime preparing his highly resourceful and deeply spiritual commentary, doing the Old Testament after finishing the New. It is said that he wrote his last lines about Malachi on his knees, in grateful acknowledgment that God had given him the strength to complete the task.

Albert Barnes revealed in a sermon in his latter years, recorded, by the way, in Alexander Campbell's *Millennial Harbinger* of 1860, that he did all the writing on his commentaries between 4 and 9 a.m., when his mind was the freshest. When 9 a.m. came he stopped on the second, even if it meant leaving a sentence incomplete. When I read Barnes, as I often do since it is such good stuff even if old, I find myself appreciating the fact that it was all carefully searched out and prepared in early morning.

Can I *really* believe that such men as these are false teachers? These commentaries grace the libraries of many of our preachers, serving as mute witnesses to what preachers of the word *can* learn through such painstaking study as is evident in their works. I would that Clarke and Barnes were as carefully studied as they are preserved and shelved! But who of us can be serious in the view that when our preachers soak up the riches of Clarke or Barnes that they are being influenced by false teachers. It is an impossible conclusion.

Something has to be wrong. Indeed, most every worthwhile book in the preachers library, whether Thayer or Hort, or Trueblood or Barclay, is the work of a false teacher, since but a few of them were authored by our own faithful band. It just doesn't cut.

Running the risk of being branded a false teacher myself, I will venture to liberate you from such an unnecessary and ungracious doctrine. It is unnecessary in that you can cling tenaciously to all truth without having to believe that all teachers are false beside your own. It is ungracious because it is judgmental, setting at naught all those not of us. Besides, it is grossly erroneous in that it presumes that one is *false* when he is only wrong or mistaken. Surely Clarke and Barnes, along with the thousands like them, are mistaken in some of their interpretations. If that makes men false teachers, then we all are false. One might even be seriously mistaken without being a false teacher. Let us see.

This term, *pseudo-didaskalos,* appears only the one time in the New Covenant scriptures, 2 Pet. 2:1. But there are several other passages that refer to the same character, *false teacher,* though not by that exact description. These references make it abundantly clear who these false teachers are, for they were obviously a weighty problem to the primitive community of believers.

2 Pet. 2 gives us a strong indication of their character. They *secretly* bring in destructive heresies (v. 1); they deny Jesus (v. 1); they bring swift destruction upon themselves (v. 1); they are licentious, that is, their behavior is shameful (v. 2); they exploit people (v. 3); they are liars (v. 3); so wicked are they that their destruction was predestined (v. 3). All of this hardly fits an Adam Clarke on his knees before God, doing his best to explain the prophet Malachi.

The word *pseudo* (false) means lie, and a *pseutes* is a liar (as in Jn. 8:44, where the devil is "a liar and the father of lies"). He is secretive, underhanded, malicious, deceitful, unconscionable. The other references make this clear.

Ro. 16:17-18 describe him as one; who serves his own appetite rather than Jesus. He deceives the innocent through flattery. His aim is to create problems and even dissension.

2 Tim. 3:8-9 describes the false teachers as those "who oppose the truth, men of corrupt mind and counterfeit faith."

Tit. 3:11 judges them as perverted, sinful, and *self-condemned.* That they are self-condemned shows that they know they are wrong, but they do not care, being as perverted as they are.

2 Tim. 4:3 shows that it is only those who themselves become perverted, turning from the wholesome teaching of Jesus, having "itching ears," who heap to themselves teachers after their own lusts. 2 Tim. 2:16 refers to their "godless chatter," and Jude 4 nails them as "ungodly persons who pervert the grace of our God into]icentiousness and deny our only Master and Lord, Jesus Christ."

1 Tim. 1:19-20 names Hymenaeus and Alexander as being in this class. It says they rejected their own conscience and made shipwreck of their faith, and the apostle turned them over to Satan "that they may learn not to blaspheme."

Surely that is enough. In the light of all this, some of our folk will quote 2 Pet. 2:1 — "There will be false teachers among you" — and browbeat those who would venture to a stadium to hear Billy Graham. That Graham errs in some things he includes or excludes may be argued, but to say he is a false teacher after the order of 2 Pet. 2 is horrendously wrong. He who would so contend, to the confusion of well-meaning people who would like to help in what they believe to be a constructive effort, would come nearer fitting the scriptural description of the false teacher than does Graham. Campbell once observed that those who cry *heretic'* are usually more heretical than those they are castigating. It seems to be so.

This term *pseudo* is the key to our understanding the true character of the false teacher, and its meaning becomes evident when we see it used as a prefix to numerous other words. 2 Cor. 11:13 refers to the pseudo-apostles and Mt. 24:24 mentions both pseudo-Christs and pseudo-prophets. Mt. 26:60 tells how pseudo-witnesses testified against Jesus before Caiaphas.

In each of these cases you have a bad egg, an unscrupulous person who acts deceptively and maliciously so as to satisfy his perverted ego. So Paul described the false apostles as "deceitful workmen, disguising themselves." Those who testified falsely against Jesus were malicious liars. That is our word, *pseudo* is a lie. A false teacher is a liar, and he knows he's a liar; or he is so corrupt of mind and heart that he no longer distinguishes between right and wrong. He has "rejected his own conscience," as the apostle describes him.

It is unthinkable that such a characterization as this should be laid upon any sincere, well-meaning, God-loving person, however misled he may be on some ideas. One may even be caught up in the clutches of an insidious system and still not be a *pseudodidaskalos.* The nun that marches her girls in front of you as you wait at the light does not necessarily deserve the epithet of *false,* whatever judgment you make of Romanism. She may well be more devoted to God than yourself, even if wrong about some things, and she may be a *kalos-didaskalos* (teacher of good), as in Tit. 2:3, in that she is teaching those girls "to be sensible, chaste, domestic, kind, and submissive to their husbands, that the word of God may not be discredited." No false teacher so behaves as to give credit to the word of God!

That is the point. Kittel, in his great *Theological Dictionary of the New Testament,* describes the false teachers as those who "reject the claim of Jesus to dominion over their whole lives." Not out of weakness do they reject him, but out of a corrupt mind and perverted soul. They are in the class with "lying wonders" in 2 Thess. 2:9 and "the pretensions of liars whose consciences are seared" in 1 Tim. 4:2.

Some will insist that I identify the false teachers of our day, if 1 am so brazen as to exclude "denominational preachers," for, after all, Peter says, "There will be false teachers among you." I have no interest in excluding anyone as a false teacher if he fits the description set forth here, whether he be of "us" or of "them." And *we* may be closer to the description than we realize when we bask in our own self-righteousness and set all others at naught. We have those among us who are willing to bruise and batter innocent lives in order to safeguard the party and preserve what they call sound doctrine. That too gets close.

The early church had it Gnostics and its Judaizers, its legalists and its antinomians, all false teachers. We certainly have our Christ-denying systems as much as they had. We too have our pseudo-knowledge (philosophy or science "falsely so called") in various systems. I know brethren who have been led astray by the astral false teachers, professors of theosophy and the "spirit" cult. They now attend seances and commune with departed spirits rather than assemble with the saints and commune with the Holy Spirit.

We have those in the universities that are perverted by their godless "knowledge," drunk on their own ego, and corrupted by their lewdness. One of my students was advised by her psychiatrist that she would "mature" if she slept with a few of the boys around. One of my colleagues poked fun at "this Jesus stuff" as he proceeded to educate young people as if there were no God. Some theological radicals wrench from the gospel its redemptive

character, making it only a means of social reform. And some so legalize it as to strip it of God's grace. Men build systems around such perversions and lead the unwary astray. The "God is dead" thing was another such lying theological wonder, perpetuated by the high and mighty.

No one is a false teacher who is *honestly* mistaken or in error. It is gracious of us to distinguish between unintentional wrong and deliberate and malicious falsehood. One may be misled without being a liar. We would do well to judge others with that same mercy by which we prefer to be judged. — *the Editor*

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Bicentennial Notes on Restoration History . . .

THE MOVEMENT AMONG THE BAPTISTS

The Restoration Movement in this country in its origin owes much to both Presbyterians and Baptists. Our original founders, the four pillars of our Movement, were all Presbyterians: Thomas and Alexander Campbell, Barton W. Stone and Walter Scott. But the masses that came into our ranks during the first generation, 1809-1830, were not Presbyterians but Baptists. Once Alexander Campbell began to debate Presbyterians on the mode of baptism, he became something of a hero among the Baptists, for they had not yet produced the learned men who could defend their cause against the more educated Presbyterians. Once he himself chose to be immersed in 1812, along with his influential father, he came to be identified more and more with the Baptists. By 1830 some 20,000 people were identified with the Movement, the majority of these being Baptists.

Up until 1823, the year of Campbell's debate with W.L. MacCalla, there was no indication that the Movement was destined to attract hundreds of congregations. Indeed, it was hardly a Movement. There was the original Brush Run church (1811) and the Wellsburg congregation that emerged from it (1823), both near Campbell's home in Bethany, Virginia. Walter Scott ministered to the third one in Pittsburg. These three independent congregations floundered at the outset, with nowhere to go in terms of organized fellowship. Thomas Campbell tried to associate Brush Run with a Presbyterian association of churches, but he was rejected. In 1815 the Redstone Baptist Association accepted Brush Run, while the Wellsburg church joined the Mahoning Baptist Association, and it was this group of Baptist churches that turned the Campbell effort into a viable

reformation movement. Effort was made to merge the Pittsburg congregation with the Baptist Church there, pastored by Sidney Rigdon, who later was to enjoy Mormon fame, but it failed.

Rigdon is a good illustration of how the Baptists came to the rescue of the Campbell effort. Up until 1823 Alexander's influence was meager but modestly growing. He had written no books and edited no paper. He conducted his own Buffalo Seminary, ran his farm and preached around — mostly among the Baptists since he was gradually accepted as one of them, though he never belonged to a Baptist Church as such. One turning point in these early years was his famous Sermon on the Law, delivered at the Cross Roads Baptist Church near his home in 1816, which catapulted him into a controversial role, with some Baptist leaders condemning him and others praising him. A debate, his first, with John Walker, a Presbyterian, in 1820, also built his reputation. During this time he was invited to settle as a pastor for some Baptist church and cast his lot with them completely. This he refused to do, explaining that he doubted if any of their churches would accept his reformatory views, and, besides, he had already promised the Lord that he would be self-supporting and work for the renewal of the church without being dependent on any sect. Still his influence grew among the Baptists around his home, and he did much speaking in their churches, without pay. Sidney Rigdon was one of those Baptist preachers who was very much on his side. It was through Alexander's influence that Rigdon became pastor of the Pittsburgh church, one of the first Baptist churches, if not the first, to become a "Reformed Baptist" church, the name by which the Campbellites were soon to be known.

1823 was not only the year of the MacCalla debate, but also the year that Campbell began publishing a journal, named the *Christian Baptist.* Dr. Richardson, his biographer, explains that it was with some debate that he elected to give his journal a party name. Since their efforts were then principally with the Baptists he decided such a name would give it an advantage. He had copies of the first issues in his saddlebags as he journeyed to Washington, Ky. to meet Mr. MacCalla. At his side rode Sidney Rigdon who was helpful in making a record of the debate. Riding horseback together for 300 miles, the two men must have become well acquainted. Campbell was surprised, when, several years later, Rigdon took up with the Mormons. He accounted for it on the grounds that Rigdon was very ambitious for power and leadership, which never quite came his way with the Disciples.

Alexander chose Jeremiah Vardeman, the leading Baptist minister in Kentucky, to be his moderator, who was, by the way, kin to Sidney Rigdon. They had married sisters. Vardeman was an ox of a man, towering over most all those around him, a fact that proved

relevant to one dramatic moment in the debate. MacCalla was insisting that immersion was bad for one's health, exposing him to the elements as it does, and that therefore sprinkling should be chosen for health reasons. As fate would have it, MacCalla's moderator, an older man who had sprinkled babies all his life, was small and frail, especially alongside a giant like Vardeman, with whom he shared the moderators' platform. And MacCalla himself was small of stature. It was all that Campbell could ask for. He reminded the audience of the occasion in France when a Frenchman of diminutive size attacked the new American colonies in the presence of Benjamin Franklin as being debilitating to one's health, whereupon Mr. Franklin had all the Americans present at the affair to stand apart from the Frenchmen, demonstrating their marked physical superiority over their French counterparts. Alexander only needed to point out that Jeremiah Vardeman had immersed more people than any man in America and that his health seemed to be good!

It was with this debate that Campbell's movement really began to make inroads among the Baptists: MacCalla had long been a thorn in their side, infuriating them with attacks and challenges that they could not handle. Now that Campbell had crushed his ego as well as his arguments, they were profuse in both praise and acceptance. This made Alexander uneasy, for he was suspicious that his overall appeal to the primitive order would be no more acceptable to the Baptists than to any sect. Since the Walker debate he had further studied the *design* of immersion, having discussed it many times with his father and Walter Scott, and it was here in the MacCalla debate that he first set forth publicly his position on immersion for the remission of sins. He knew this to be contrary to Baptist doctrine, and it was now a question as to how they would respond to that part of his presentation.

Alexander, now a man of 35, proved to be a wise strategist in handling the Baptist leaders assembled for the MacCalla Debate. Though the *Christian Baptist* had been issued several months before the debate, he deliberately withheld any copies that might go into Kentucky, thinking they might prejudice the leadership against him. He knew they would agree with him on immersion, but he wanted a fair hearing on the subject of baptism for the remission of sins. This shows that Campbell's real interest in that debate was not so much converting the Presbyterians to immersion, but in converting the Baptists to his plea for reformation. The response was most favorable, and from all indications the Baptists stood with him on *all* he set forth in the debate.

Near the end of the debate he had a nocturnal session with the Baptist leadership for the purpose of further explaining his views on reformation and to warn them about himself! "Brethren," he said to them, with the likes of Jeremiah Vardeman filling the parlor

of the home where he was staying, “I fear that if you knew me better you would esteem and love me less. For let me tell you that I have almost as much against you Baptists as I have against the Presbyterians. They err in one thing and you in another; and probably you are each nearly equidistant from original apostolic Christianity.”

A long silence filled the room. Elder Vardeman at last spoke up, wanting to know what he had against Baptists. “We want to know our errors or your heterodoxy,” he insisted. The candidness of this new champion that they had come to admire so greatly must have overwhelmed them. “Keep nothing back,” he went on protesting, trying to get Campbell to layout his grievances. Campbell explained that the hour was too late for him to undertake an extended statement, but he told them of the publication he had begun, suggesting that it would set forth his views in detail. Excusing himself, he went to his room upstairs and took from his portmanteau the first copies of the *Christian Baptist* ever to see light in Kentucky — 30 copies, 10 each of his first three issues. He proceeded to read excerpts from these — on the call to the ministry, the kingdom of the clergy, modern missionaries. He then distributed them to the ten senior ministers present, asking them to give him their reaction before the debate concluded. As he passed out the goodies, with each pastor looking upon the paper for the first time, it surely must have helped the cause along that it bore the title, *The Christian Baptist.*

The Baptist leaders responded so favorably to both the debate and the new journal that they assured Campbell that they would help circulate the journal, and they requested that he allow them to set up an itinerary for him to visit the Baptist churches of Kentucky. That came the. next year — 1824, a great year in our history — the year that he spent three months in Kentucky among the Baptists, and the year he first met Barton W. Stone and Raccoon John Smith. And who else would one need who wants to launch a movement?

Hundreds of these Baptist churches came into the Movement, as if by osmosis. They gradually imbibed “Campbellism”, as it was called, until they were no longer considered orthodox Baptist churches, and so they were dubbed “Reformed Baptists.” These “Reformed Baptists” finally lost all identification as Baptists and became known as “Disciples of Christ,” the name preferred by Alexander Campbell, but also as “Church of Christ” and “Christian Church.” Eventually such names adorned their buildings, and their preachers were identified as “Elder of the Church of Christ.” Many of the Baptist leaders strongly opposed “Campbellism,” such as J. B. Jeter, who published a book entitled *Campbellism Examined,* and kept some congregations from being lost to Campbell. But thousands of Baptists became Campbellites. In deed, in this first generation the Campbellites *were* Baptists, almost altogether.

We see this early picture more clearly if we realize that up until 1824 the Campbells had immersed very few people. They were busy infiltrating the Baptists, whom of course they did not re-immerse. Entire Baptist congregations came into the Movement, pastor and all, with no one being re-baptized. Our great preachers of that generation — Raccoon John Smith, Jacob Creath, Jr., and Sr., William Hayden, John T. Johnson, Jeremiah Vardeman, and scores of others — were all Baptists who became reformers. While they went on to immerse tens of thousands (Johnson alone immersed 15,000 after leaving Congress at age 42), they themselves were not re-immersed. I have never found the first case of our pioneers ever immersing a Baptist up to and beyond the Civil War. It was indeed a Texas innovation to re-baptize Baptists, and it came along two generations later and was considered as factious by the older heads of the Movement. And it was not until then that Baptist and "Church of Christ," as the new reactionary wing came to be called exclusively, began to have their big debates. The early Disciples and Baptists did not have debates for they had too much in common.

This means, of course, that the Movement, drawing its nucleus from the Baptists, went on in the decades following 1824 to immerse into Christ thousands of those that moved across the frontier, so that by 1860 the Disciples numbered around 200,000. But they always baptized unimmersed believers, many of whom belonged to no church.

The year 1824 remains pivotal to all this, not only because that was the year of Campbell's foray into Kentucky Baptist country, but also the year that the Mahoning Baptist Association sent Walter Scott out as an evangelist. The "golden oracle" put into practice what Campbell had set forth in the MacCalla debate the year before, which he had helped to work out, the doctrine of immersion for the remission of sins. Inventing the "five finger exercise," he made the plan of salvation so plain that sinners responded in groves. So successful was he that Alexander back in Bethany was suspicious of the reports, and sent his father over into Ohio to look in on what "the Evangelist" was up to. That is a story all its own, Walter Scott as the Golden Oracle, which we will recount in an installment all its own.

But we want you to get the picture for the first 15 years of our history. Following the publication of the *Declaration and Address* (1809) the Campbells started the Brush Run church, though it was not their original intention to start even a congregation, they wanted it to be a part of some association of churches. Failing with the Presbyterians (they were not an *immersed* church when they applied), they joined the Redstone Baptist Association, which became unfriendly toward the reformation effort and to Alexander in particular.

Learning that they planned to do away with him, Alexander arranged with his father for some 30 members of Brush Run to be dismissed for the purpose of starting "a church of Christ at Wellsburg," which in turn joined the Mahoning Baptist Association, while Brush Run remained with Redstone. The list for the new church not only had the names of Alexander and Margaret Campbell, but Selina Bakewell also, who was destined to become the second Mrs. Campbell 15 years later.

The Mahoning association eventually became the "Reformed Baptists" that gave impetus to a movement that might otherwise have failed. Indeed, Dr. Richardson describes the young Campbell as disheartened that so little response came from their renewal efforts based on the principles of the *Declaration and Address*, and he was resigned to a quiet life of ministry in his own neighborhood. Then came the Walker debate, which was pressed upon him. Then the MacCalla debate, which completely redirected his destiny. At the same time he became an editor and publisher, and in the next seven years he was to issue 46,000 volumes from his press in Bethany. Life was never again the same! This early history shows that the Campbells were not exclusivists, but sought fellowship with the denominations around them. They considered it appropriate for "a church of Christ" to belong to a Baptist fellowship of churches with out compromising any truth it had found. And it was within such cooperative efforts that they got the Movement off the ground. The notion that we are to be separatists, enjoying no fellowship with other believers, is a repudiation of the noble spirit of cooperation that gave birth to the Restoration Movement. — *the Editor*

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DAUGHTERS OF SARAH

It is not an overstatement to say that here of late our sisters have become something of an issue. It is part of the larger scene. American women are threatening to state their case for equality in a constitutional amendment, and they have lots of help from men. Women are not only beginning to compete with men in business and politics, but they are to be found in such unlikely places as the judge's bench in high courts of law and in the dean's chair at leading seminaries. Some insist that women should bear arms as well as men, play football along with the fellows, and even pay alimony to their divorced husbands. The more radical would have both sexes use the same public toilets. And we have no more chairmen. The revolution has transformed them to chairpersons!

Most of the main-line denominations already have women clergymen or are debating the issue. Among our own people a few women have dared to venture beyond the usual assignment of manning the cradle roll or teaching the junior high girls class. Some are publishing their stuff in journals and books, and some are lecturing and conducting seminars — oftentimes they are the same ones. The ones I know are beautiful and intelligent, and they do their thing without being any less feminine, or so it seems.

But I am not talking about any of this in this short piece. While I applaud any and all efforts to give women their just place in church and society, I don't have anything to say on that issue just now. And for the present I will not attempt to settle the question of the woman's role in the assembly of saints in relation to that of men. What I have to say here is an entirely different approach, but it may well be most relevent to the larger question of the woman's role. Amidst all the fussing and the furor about what our sisters can and can't do, I would urge them, first, last and always, to be daughters of Sarah. It is a rather neglected admonition, even if soundly biblical.

While the apostle Paul is being browbeaten these days as a male chauvanist pig and a cynical misogynist because of certain limitations he lays down for the women, little or no criticism is directed against the apostle Peter, who himself had somewhat to say on the subject. It is he that asks that our sisters be daughters of Sarah, without bothering to prescribe other norms. Perhaps he felt that was the only principle really needed. Sort of like Augustine boiling all of Christian ethics into a single, startling sentence: *Love God and do what you please!* I find myself in Peter's corner. If the sisters will simply be daughters of Sarah, that will do it — never mind all the rules! When my boys Philip and Ben talk about the girls, as 16 and 18 year olds sometimes do, I make short shrift of the whole thing with a "Simply find yourself a daughter of Sarah — like your Mother!" And sometimes I waste a little of Augustine on them when it comes to what they should do and not do: *Love God and do what you please!* Some kids had rather be told what to do than to think for themselves. Sometimes mine do not want to do either!

The apostle tells the scattered and persecuted believers that a daughter of Sarah may win her husband to the Lord by her reverent and chaste behavior, without his actually hearing the word preached. This means that her husband will see Jesus in her, which usually means more than a multitude of words. Williams' translation says that the husband may be won "without argument" by their wives. Daughters of Sarah do not argue religion with their husbands. They rather reflect the goodness of Jesus in their lives, making the faith they profess irresistible.

Peter says the sisters "must be obedient to your husbands" as part of their chaste and reverent behavior. He goes on to say that the husbands "must be thoughtful in your life with your wives," and he adds that the woman is to be honored as the weaker vessel. Nothing is said about any of this being *custom*, that pesky lettle word that we use to explain things away. Peter gives two reasons for such instructions: (1) man and wife are joint heirs of grace, and (2) "so that nothing may hinder your prayers." Peter calls for honor to the wife and submission to the husband, not because of any social conditions, but because of their relationship to each other and their common link to God. Any woman who resists such clear apostolic instruction simply is not a daughter of Sarah. A man who has one of Sarah's daughters for a wife and does not honor her for it is in trouble. He need not even pray!

Not only do Sarah's daughters impress their husbands with their exemplary behavior, but they prove to be "very precious" in the sight of God. In all the Bible that is a rare statement, for something to be *very precious* to God. But that is the wording in 1 Pet. 3:4. Even repentance or baptism or the Lord's Supper is not so described. *Very precious!* Every Christian woman should take note of that unique passage, for it shows how her behavior can be most precious to her Father in heaven.

The apostle tells how: "Let not yours be the outward adorning with braiding of hair, decoration of gold, and wearing of robes, but let it be the hidden person of the heart with the imperishable jewel of a gentle and quiet spirit, which in God's sight is very precious." God's woman does not live for outward beauty but for inward loveliness. She will give only passing concern to hairdressing and clothes. She may be outwardly beautiful, with her hair and dress appropriate to her calling, but that is not where her heart is. Her emphasis will be on "the hidden inward self, with the undying beauty of a quiet and gentle spirit," to quote Williams again.

Many a woman has searched for *undying* beauty, and Peter tells her where it is. But such women look in the wrong places, such as in health spas, beauty salons, and cosmetic counters. They fight sagging flesh and wrinkled skin all their lives, some even resorting to a surgical facial renovation. But it is a lost cause, however diligently the cosmetics are mustered. "All flesh is as grass, and its glory like the flower of grass. The grass withers, and the flower falls, but the word of the Lord abides forever." Peter said that too.

It is a pitiable sight, some dear old sister, ageing with the passing years, fighting greying hair and wrinkling skin as if *that* is what life is all about for a woman, as if she were wholly unaware of the beauty of inward holiness. There is a way for a woman to find

the undying beauty, which somehow is gloriously reflected in her outward features, whatever the passing years may do to her. My Ouida is an example of this, as is her Mother before her, who is now near 80. Ouida is as beautiful to me now as she was when I first met her at age 19. The loveliness graces her inward hidden self, makes her beautiful at any age. Her Mother is said to have had the outward beauty of all three of her daughters when she was young. But all who know her are impressed mostly by "the inside person." That lovely hidden person radiates her whole being, making her warm and delightful company at whatever age. She was still in her 40's when I first met her, and she was indeed a very handsome person (though quite old to me then!) Now that she soon celebrates her fourscore milestone, she continues to be a woman of radiant beauty. There simply is no such thing as an ugly old woman when Jesus is present inside.

McKnight renders Peter's words to say: "Let the mind be adorned with the unperishing ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." A woman's *hidden person* is her mind. Paul says in Rom. 12:2 that one is transformed by the renewal of the mind, which in Tit. 3:5 is made the work of the Holy Spirit within us, by the washing of regeneration.

Let us be as concerned for the renewing of our sisters' minds as for the liberating of their rights. Let them be free to think and to question, to grow and be strong in spirit. Let it be important to us what they think about various questions that come up. Let us realize that they are as intelligent as the rest of us, and that their insights into spiritual things may be as important as any man's.

Henry Thoreau wrote in *The Principle of Life* that the greatest compliment he ever received was when someone asked him what he thought about something. That will be a new way for a lot of men to compliment their womenfolk — ask them what they think about something. Women too are to be *thinkers.* Their minds are to be renewed by God's Spirit, and in a special feminine way, the Spirit cultivates that quiet and gentle nature within them, the hidden person of the heart, that is very precious to God.

Finally, Peter refers to the holy women of old who hoped in God as having adorned themselves with that inner beauty. They too were submissive to their husbands, he says. Sarah gets special mention, for she obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord as a token of her subjection. Then he says to his sisters in the Lord: "And you are now her children if you do right and let nothing terrify you." Daughters of Sarah!

I have a strong suspicion that *this* is where the emphasis should be, even if we have to let the campaign for the Equal Rights Amendment shift for itself. I'd rather see our sisters be daughters of Sarah more than daughters of the republic. I don't know how eager I am for Ouida to be storming the pulpits and leading seminars, asserting the rights of Christian women, but I am very eager that she always be a daughter of Sarah.

That way she will be *very precious* to God, and what more could a Christian woman want? What freedom is there greater than that? — *the Editor*

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Pilgrimage of Joy . . .

UNCLE L. E. AND THE SAND-HILLERS

By W. Carl Ketcherside

The great change in our lives, one which was destined eventually to affect almost the entire Ketcherside clan, actually began with one man. My father's brother, Lewis, always called by his initials L. E., was very close to him. He was less than two years younger, and in their boyhood days they had been inseparable. My uncle was married the year that I was born. Even before he was married he had begun to sense a yearning deep inside himself for some relationship with the power to provide hope and assurance by enabling him to overcome tendencies and temptations which troubled his sensitive soul. The new responsibility as a very young husband drove him to talk to my father about his feelings. My father laughed in his face and made crude jokes about it.

The Baptist Church was the only one in our village. In the period between revivals it was always in the doldrums, but twice per year, in the spring and autumn, a fire-eating preacher was imported and all of the members were infused with new life and got on a spiritual high. Backsliders wept over their lapses. Alcoholics vowed to renounce liquor. Sinners were exhorted to flee from the wrath to come. The night L. E. went to the tent which had been erected on a lot adjacent to "the church," the preacher happened to be a rough-looking specimen from the backwoods, who chewed tobacco and murdered the King's English. But he knew the Bible!

As he reeled off verse after verse from memory, L. E. was first fascinated, and then captivated by the fact that God had spoken, and that we had access to His words, written down in plain English so every man could read them for himself. It was the first time in his

life he had ever known what the Bible really was. That night, sitting in an audience of perspiring villagers, under a hot canvas, he resolved that, if God spared him, he would learn the divine will for his life.

He did not sleep that night, but lay awake thinking, meditating and praying. The next day underground he went about his tasks mechanically, and as soon as the whistle blew he ascended on the cage, and left the changing-room to go straight to the home where the revivalist was staying. Years afterward, when we worked together very closely, he told me all about it more than once, and always with the smile for which he was noted. He told the preacher he had already prayed all night and day. The preacher asked him what he felt and he said that he felt like he wanted to do what Jesus said and do it at once. After about an hour, the backwoods evangelist said it wasn't much of an experience, as experiences generally went, but he reckoned it would have to do. That night the Baptists voted to accept his experience and qualify him for baptism. The community was dumbfounded. To convert a Ketcherside was like the bringing of Saul of Tarsus to bay. And at the end of the revival the converts were all baptized in the swimming-hole in the small river. L. E. went straight home, changed into dry clothing and started in on the Bible.

Two weeks later he announced to the local Baptist preacher that he wanted to preach the gospel he had obeyed. At a district meeting of Baptist preachers it was agreed that he was an unlikely candidate, but there was no way of discouraging him short of shooting him. It was decided that, since he was too poor to go away to college, and did not have the entrance requirements anyway, not having finished the fifth-reader, he should study for a year at home, at the end of which time he would stand for examination before three ordained Baptist ministers, and if he met their approbation he would be licensed as a supply preacher for the unstaffed rural churches.

During that year L. E. became a real problem to all of his friends and relatives. Some of his former cronies were convinced that he was "touched in the head." He gave up going to shootingmatches, which gave the other contestants a chance to win. He wouldn't play cards. He quit drinking beer. My father said he was making "a damned nuisance" out of himself and if he didn't quit spouting the Bible at everyone he met he would lose the only worthwhile friends he ever had and end up with no one to talk to but a bunch of sickly, white-livered Christians. My father considered this a fate to which death should be readily preferred.

At the end of the year L. E. put on the suit he had worn at his wedding, the only dress-up clothing he owned, and met with the Baptist tribunal. They questioned him for three hours and it soon became apparent that he knew far more about the Bible than did his questioners. For every query his reply was “The Bible says.” When one of the preachers said about one quotation, “I don’t remember ever seeing that in the Bible,” he picked up the man’s book from the table and read it to him. At the end of the examination his questioners retired to a room for consultation. They left L. E. sitting at the table awaiting their decision about his future course.

When they returned the spokesman said, “We cannot approve of you to do supply work or recommend you to the churches. In fact, we are convinced you would kill every Baptist Church in the district if you advanced the ideas you have set forth today. You are not a Baptist at all but a Sandhiller.” L. E. had never heard of a Sand-hiller, so he asked what one was. The reply was unhesitating. “A Sandhiller is a special brand of Campbellite, and the worst enemy the church has, and you sound just like one.” The answer did not mean much to L. E. He did not know what a Campbellite was either, but he left the place with a firm resolution to find out.

The following Tuesday he was assigned a new man to help carry the tripod and set up the drill which rested on it, and with which holes were drilled in the face of the underground wall for tamping in explosives. While they were eating lunch from their dinner-pails at noon, L. E. said to the man, “Did you ever hear of a religious bunch called Sand-hillers?” “I sure have,” answered the man, “I’m one of them myself.” He then proceeded to tell him this was a nickname given to them by the Baptists because they had originated down in the sand-hills about thirty miles south, and some of them had moved into the mining area to find work. He arranged for L. E. to meet a merchant who was an elder of the Church of Christ, and the first evening they talked together they continued their speech until midnight. L. E. walked the three miles to his home and arose early to work all day in the mines.

He was hungry for the word, and began to attend the meetings in Flat River, a five-mile round trip each time. There was no preacher but anyone of the men in the congregation could teach, exhort and admonish. Sometimes as many as three would take turns speaking briefly. They convinced L. E. that one could be just a Christian and a Christian only. He became convinced of their plea to be simply the church mentioned in the scriptures. But when he expressed a desire to be affiliated with the little group a lengthy interrogation ensued, led by some who insisted he would have to be baptized again. He resisted on the basis that he had obeyed the Lord. Most of the members were ready to accept him, but two

or three became very belligerent, and to avoid further friction, he finally consented to be immersed. In later years he always said, “I was baptized twice. The first time was to obey Jesus Christ, the second time to placate and appease the Church of Christ.”

Almost single-handedly he changed the village of Cantwell. He visited every house in town, including the one occupied by the saloon-keeper and his fashionable wife. He invited everyone to gather in his front yard each evening to hear the Bible explained. It was somewhere to go and relieve the tedium and the people came. Many of them carried hickory splint-bottom chairs on which to sit. Others sat on the ground or leaned on the picket fence. With a kerosene lantern hanging on the porch post and casting its sickly gleam upon the printed page, while moths and other insects flitted about, L. E. read and expounded. He was one with his audience. Many of them had known him from the time he was a lad. He went down into the mines with them everyday. He had helped them all with any task that was too great for them. Now he shared with them each night what he learned during the day.

When his shift underground was finished he took time to talk with men and women about their souls before he slept. He baptized his parents. He baptized his brothers and their wives. He baptized his two sisters. The day he baptized “Blind Emmy,” his cousin who had been born sightless, the whole community walked down to the creek for the occasion. When the poor blind woman was brought up from the water she raised her hands toward heaven and began to shout for joy. Caught up in the emotional excitement of the moment they led her up the road toward the village, shouting as she went. Some tried to quiet her, thinking she was “going out of her mind.” But it was as if she had not heard them. Other women began to weep, and men began to cry out to God to have mercy upon them. Years later, when I led “Blind Emmy” from door to door to sell “products” she told me that she saw Jesus “as plain as day.” I wondered how one who had never seen the form of a man and had never even seen her own face in a mirror, could see Jesus. But I didn’t say anything or ask any questions. I am glad now I did not.

An electrifying current swept over the community with the exception of one home — ours! Being a Lutheran, my mother could not attend the studies in the front-yard up the street. She would like to have gone because she loved people and the socialization before and after the study would have meant a lot to her. Women used such occasions to trade seeds for flowers that others admired, or to tell what they were eating out of their gardens, and all of this would have meant much to mother. But it would also have caused her to “go back on her raising” and she couldn’t do that.

When my father went and sat outside the circle of light across the dusty street, he returned home aggravated and angry. He told my mother that his favorite brother had somehow allowed bats to occupy his belfry and to observe it was a crying shame that an otherwise good man would permit himself to be ruined by religion and waste time in which he could be doing something useful for people, by standing on his front porch talking like an idiot.

Years later when we were al1 one in Christ, mother told me that she knew even then that L. E. was having an effect on my father. He became too angry and fumed around too much. Moreover, he poured a pipe ful1 of tobacco out of the Bull Durham sack, lighted it, took one draw on it, and then absent-mindedly knocked it out against the heel of his hand. That had never happened before. My father became short-tempered and snapped at my mother when she spoke to him. He had never done that before either. The Spirit was moving in for the kill!

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LOOKING IN ON THE PREACHERS PAY

By Norman Parks

How well are preachers paid who make a professional career of the pulpit in the Church of Christ? This information is not usually revealed. Rarely do those who foot the bill know their preacher's total take from the treasury, much less how much more he makes in gratuities and time-off "gospel meetings" for other churches.

It is typical for the elders to bring in several preachers for "trial sermons," but the members are left out of the selection process. They are left only to speculate on who will be the winner, and generally are better able to pick the losers. A preacher "on trial" in a Murfreesboro, Tn. church spoke on *Fellowship,* presenting an impressive lesson around the poem, "He drew a circle that left me out … I drew a circle which took him in." Members left the service realizing that this preacher would be sent on his way with a polite *thank you.* The members, even though they pay the bill, have no knowledge of the contract terms with the new minister, and it is considered none of their business. Even the annual budget does not usually reveal the terms, for all the salaries are lumped together. His "extras," such as utilities, are added into church utilities, and his gasoline bill may turn up under "Misc." This is not the practice among others, such as the Methodists, for the minister's pay is clearly listed as base pay along with specified extras.

The curtain has been pulled back somewhat as to what our preachers are making by a survey made by G. R. Holton and published in *Firm Foundation* (Jan. 6, 1976). His findings show that ministering in the Church of Christ is hardly a sacrificial vocation. The random sample survey, centered largely in Oklahoma, a below-average state in income, shows the following results:

Preacher	Size Church	Salary
2	below 100	11,650
11	100-175	13,489
27	175-300	15,692
13	300-450	16,141
8	460-600	18,356
5	above 600	22,289

These figures show only the salary itself, not such extra income as weddings, funerals, meetings with other churches (with time off with full pay), and other employment. One third of the preachers had either an additional job or a working wife. The lowest salary, apparently part-time, was 7,600 and the highest 25,750.

This survey confirms my conviction that our preachers make more money in the pulpit than they could ever make at any other employment, considering their education and ability. It also reveals that Church of Christ preachers make much higher salaries than their counterparts in such large denominations as the Methodist.

The Methodist superintendent of the district around Nashville looked at the Holton data and shook his head in disbelief. “I am amazed,” he said, “These Church of Christ salaries are far in excess of what is paid in my church, in some cases nearly twice as much.” Their salary schedule reveals that only two churches in this prosperous area paid as much as 10,000 in salary, and one of them had 854 members and the other 1154. The highest salary in Nashville, the capital of Methodism, was 18,000 plus parsonage, and that was the richest and largest Methodist church in the city.

Their beginning salary in Tennessee is 6,200. It goes to 6,700 for a man with a college degree and experience, but this presumes four summer terms at Emory Seminary. It goes to 8,200 for the man with both a college degree and a seminary education. Their schedule, obviously much lower than what our men make, is based upon experience, education, and

seminary training. The Holton survey shows no relationship between the salary and the age, education, experience, or graduate training of the man. Even the size of family or self-improvement in terms of study have no bearing. It all seems to depend upon the size of the paying church. Perhaps this explains why preachers enter the competitive market, seeking pulpits in larger and larger churches. Our preachers move more often than do the Methodists, and the major consideration is apparently more pay. If a preacher stays with one church and doesn't keep moving to larger ones, he has to pay for it with less increase in income.

While the amount of education of those surveyed was sketchy, it showed that 5% had only a high school education. The majority apparently had not completed college, while one-third had done some graduate work. Yet the salaries of these men are well in excess of those with doctor's degrees in the universities.

And yet 47% of those responding to the questionnaire expressed dissatisfaction with their salaries!

The professional pulpit in the Church of Christ is proving to be a costly enterprise. The cost is not merely the financial outlay in keeping a professional as the chief pastor of the flock, but in the passivity and debilitation of the members, spoon-fed as they are by such a system. The clergy, as Alexander Campbell observed, has always been the main reason for the devitalization and corruption of religion. What a difference it would make if these churches would send these ministers out as evangelists among the lost and the needy and tend to their own growth through mutual ministry! *—404 Minerva Dr., Murfreesboro, Tn.*

"My bread may be a material matter. My brother's bread is a spiritual matter." — *Berdyaev*

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DOWN HOME *with CARL*

My series with Northwest Christian Church in Tampa, Florida was an enjoyable experience. The congregation is oriented toward "the charismatic movement" and the premillennial concept, because of a great deal of teaching on both themes, but it makes no test of fellowship out of these things. Many of the members were formerly allied with the non-instrument congregations, but have found a warmth and openness here which reaches out to care for all kinds of people, regardless of background and purely on the basis of need. It was good to have some of the faculty and student body from Florida College

attend the meetings … The meeting at Belmont Avenue in Nashville was great. The place was crowded to capacity the first night with people sitting all over the platform and with chairs in all of the aisles. The saints there, under a group of fine men as elders, are actually leading in the renewal about which everyone else is talking. The daytime question sessions were terrific and got to the heart of some of our hangups. My greatest blessing was to share with a lot of the students from David Lipscomb College. The future looks bright for Belmont if I am any judge … I want to recommend that you send fifty cents to Darrell Foltz, Box 562, Hoxie, Kansas 67740, and let him send you his treatises on women praying in the assembly and divorce and remarriage. You will miss something really good if you fail to take advantage of this … Our brother, Owen L. Crouch, 4800 Franklin Road, Nashville, Tennessee 37220, has recently finished his book "The Prison Epistles — A Diagram of the Greek New Testament with Notes." It is $6.00. If you are a Greek student here's your chance! … You can get lists of cassettes of my talks all over the United States and Canada by writing to Follow the Son, Box K, Springboro, Ohio 45066; Vernon H. Woods, 2413 Dale Avenue, Eugene, Oregon 97401; or T. N. Ratliff, 9729 Calumet Drive, Saint Louis, Missouri 63137. Their lists are not duplicates, We suggest you enclose a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request … You will be helped by reading *Unleavened Bread,* a monthly journal. Ask for a free copy by writing to 2884 Victoria Drive, Grand Junction, Colorado 81501 … Nell and I would like to send a free copy of my book *The Parable of Telestar* to any college student who personally writes for it and gives the name of the school where enrolled … Among other places where I am scheduled, one is at Astoria, Illinois, May 57. You can write to Evan W. Price for a program. His address is P.O. Box 707, and the zip code is 61501 … May 12-14 will find me on a return visit to Solsberry Christian Church, Route 1, Solsberry, Indiana 47459. Write to James Root at that address … We hope that you have read my latest book *The Death of the Custodian.* If you have not you can secure one for $2.95 by writing to *Restoration Review.* Thanks for the space in which to visit, Leroy! — *W. Carl Ketcherside, 139 Signal Hill Drive, Saint Louis, Missouri 63121.*

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OFFICE NOTES

If you would like a bound copy of the 1975-76 issues of this paper, entitled *The Word Abused,* you should place your order with us. We will bill you when the book is mailed out early in 1977. For 4.95 we will send you *The Church of Christ: Yesterday and Today,* our

bound volume for 1973-74; and for 4.50 the 1971-72 volume entitled *The Restoration Mind.* We also have single volumes for 1967, 1968, and 1970 at 3.50 each. All these have colorful dust jackets, with introduction and table of contents, and all are matching volumes.

We also have broken sets in loose copies all the way back to 1959, which should be of interest to our newer subscribers. For 3.00 we will send you 18 back issues, selected at random back through the years. You will find them interesting, and most of the articles, by numerous writers, are still relevant.

We have sold a number of you William Barclay's *Daily Celebration,* and I'm confident every purchaser is pleased. But we failed to tell you that there are two volumes under this title, both 5.95. We sent his first to some customers and the second to others. We now have both in stock, so you can order the one you don't have, if you would like more of the same goodies. Those of you who are considering this purchase, let us insist that you cannot go wrong. They make excellent family reading.

Those of you who live in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area (our largest concentration of readers next to Abilene!) will want to know about Renewal House, a new bookstore-educational resource center opened by our friend and brother, David R. Reagan, which opened this month with a bang at 4519 McKinney in Dallas (phone 214-5217620.) Dr. Reagan, formerly a prof at Austin College and Pepperdine, is a very enterprising man (Ouida says lovingly of him "I like to watch him operate." — after all, he once transformed a college he headed and ran for governor of Texas!), and one thing he has in mind is a biblical studies center. You'd better drop in and take a look. It is the best supplied religious bookstore in Dallas, with art, cassettes, jewelry, etc. But don't fail to meet Dave, for he's far more interesting than anything he may sell.

We would like to introduce you to Alfred Edersheim, that brilliant scholar of the life and times of Jesus. There is now in paperback a one-volume abridgement of his famous 2-volume masterpiece. Ideal for the busy reader and only 5.95. There is now, however, a one-volume edition of the larger work for 12.95.

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We can supply Francis Schaeffer's *The God Who is There* for 2.50, which is probably his greatest work.

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